Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and ſhriueld
Vp thoſe bodies euen to loathing, for they ſo ſtunke,
That all thoſe eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand ſhould giue them buriall.

Eſcanes. It was very ſtrange.

Hell. And yet but iuſtice; for though this King were great,
His greatneſſe was no guard to barre heauens ſhaft.
By ſinne had his reward.

Eſcan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counſell, hath reſpect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer greeue without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are riſen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'l ſeeke him out:
If in his graue he reſt, wee'l finde him there,
And be reſolu'd, he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cauſe to mourne his Funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whoſe death indeed, the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble ſelfe,
That beſt knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus ſubmit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican.*

Hell. Try honours cauſe; forbeare your ſuffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wiſh, I leape into the ſeas,
Where's howrely trouble, for a minutes eaſe)
A twelue-month longer, let me entreate you
To forbeare the abſence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I ſhall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this loue,
Goe ſearch like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto returne,
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit about his Crowne.

2. *Lord.* To wiſedome, hee's a foole that will not yeel
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauor.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, and wee'l claſpe hand
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer ſtands.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know
That for this twelue-month, ſhee'l not vndertake
A married life: her reaſon to her ſelfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get acceſſe to her (my Lord)

King. Faith by no meanes, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impoſſible:
One twelue Moones more ſhee'l weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath ſhe vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaues.

King. So, they are well diſpatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; ſhe tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the ſtranger Knight,